

I'll Be Waiting on the Other Side

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Summary: After the Pillar of Autumn, Six is alone and sick when the deceased Nobles visit...and they're singing? CRACK!

I'll Be Waiting on the Other Side

Oh my frickinâ€¦god. Insanity happens when you leave me alone at night with my music with my brother playing Halo: Reach. Apparently. I mean like seriously it came out of nowhere. But enough rambling on with the randomness~~!

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Halo: Reach nor any of the Halos for that matter. If I did, I wouldn't be writing this now would I? I also don't own the song 'the Other Side' by Bruno Mars. You should pull up the song while reading this. Trust me, you'll know when it comes inâ€¦|

**~~~~~AllHailEccentricness~AllHailEccentricness~AllHailEccentricness~AllHailEccentricness~~~~**

"September 13, 2552," a feminine voice said into her helmet, recording what could be her final thoughts. She was burrowed in a cave for the night. A small fire was at her feet with her food cooking over the flames. She sighed before she continued, "It has been nearly two weeks since the departure of Autumn. The Covenant has begun to overrun the planet and to tell you the truth, it's a pain in the ass. I seriously thought when I agreed to man the gun that I die right after. I mean seriously being alive right nowâ€¦sucks. I'm cold. I'm tired. I'm so fucking dirty that the **brutes** smell better than me and if I see another fish, it'll be too soon. I wanna die already but at this rate it won't be on the battlefield but from-ACHOO!"

Snot and saliva splattered over the visor, "Goddamn itâ€¦from sicknessâ€¦I'll have to wait it out since there are no health packs left and my trauma kit is done. If I'm still alive tomorrow, I'll

report back again. Noble Six, out."

Six removed her helmet to reveal her tanned skin with her dark brown eyes bloodshot from her recent lack of sleep. Using a cloth from her worn kit, she began cleaning the visor so she could see out of it. When done she undid the ponytail she had, allowing her black hair to come down. She laid her head back and closed her eyes. Knowing she was alone, the lieutenant allowed herself to say, "I miss the team"

"Never thought I'd ever hear that come from your mouth, Six," an eerily familiar voice chided. Without opening her eyes, Six groaned, "I'm so sick, I'm imagining Emile's voice."

"Don't forget you're talking to yourself."

That sounded like Jorge. The woman inhaled and thought aloud, "I'm just imagining this. I so sick I'm delirious yeah that's it." She heard Emile speak, "How long are you gonna convince yourself of that?"

"Dead men tell no tales" she told herself, ignoring the imaginary banter she received. The lieutenant convinced herself if she ignored the voices, they'd go away, however the next statement shocked her into listening, "Of course they don't. They sing."

Brown eyes snapped open at the thought. Her teammates singing? That was madness. She looked at her camp and the woman believed she was dreaming or hallucinating because sitting around her were Carter, Emile, and Jorge. Not only that there weren't in their armor but their boxers and socks. Noble Six, at this point truly thought she was out her mind, "What?"

"Hey, being in that armor all the time didn't let have the chance of doing this," Carter defended their appearance, "So now that we're dead we can walk around like this all the time."

"H-How are you here?" Six stuttered from a combination of shock and embarrassment. The three men looked at each other before Jorge decided to speak, "Well you sounded like you needed a pick me up so we decided to visit you."

She blinked, "Visit me? In your underwear?"

"Yeah and sing ya a song," the burly man replied. Another blink. Only one thought went through her mind: _What. The. FUCK? _Either ignoring or not noticing the disturbed expression on the lady's face. The trio got together in front of a stage that came from nowhere with lighting that appeared from only god knows where shining on them. Music began playing, "Where the hell is that coming from?"

Not answering Carter, Emile, and Jorge all sang 'aah'. Then Emile imitated (really well, Six admitted) a wolf howl. Her commander stepped up first and began singing into an old-fashioned microphone stand. And by old-fashioned, she meant 20th century old,

"_Truth of the matter is you're screwed_"

"_Sorry to say but it's the truth, yeah_"

But go 'bout your day baby

Hopefully you'll live to see the sun

"_It's better if you don't get stuck_

Cause you don't want to know what it's like

Til you die"

Six jaw dropped. Who the hell wouldn't? Her commander-her no nonsense, badass commander-was singing! And not only that. It was in a higher pitch than normal for him. The insanity only increased as all three came up to the mic and sang in harmony,

"_You know I~~~~'ll be waiting on the other side_

And you," the men pointed towards the lady, "_don't wanna end up sniped_

No one's leaving alive

Except the damn sniper

You know I'll

I'll be waiting on the other, waiting on the other side."

Spartan-B312 had been trained for many situations and faced an array of predicaments. All of them she had been able to conquer and keep a level head. But thisâ€|this had the lieutenant freaking out. Who could train for this? She tried slapping herself, hoping this was a horrible nightmare. Unfortunately, she found, she was wide awake as Jorge took the mic stand and picked it up,

"_We're committing suicide,_"

With me dying first

You can hope all you want," he came down to where a stunned Six was sitting. He pointed out in a joking manner, "_But baby you're next._

"_It's better if you don't get stuck,_" Jorge got back on the stage as sang with his head held high, "_Cause you don't want to know what it's like_

Til you die!"_

Was that supposed to be comforting, Six wondered as they continued. She then shook her head and tried splashing herself with some water-still hoping it was some delusion. No avail.

"_You know I~~~~'ll be waiting on the other side_

And you," the men pointed towards the lady, "_don't wanna end up sniped_

No one's leaving alive

Except the damn sniper

You know I'll

I'll be waiting on the other, waiting on the other side."

Wait—she had seen both commander and her friend sing their own verse. That was two of the three then did that mean Emile was gonna sing? Emile? Sing? Those were two words never meant be placed in the same sentence. Luckily, that didn't happen. Unfortunate part? He was rapping instead,

"_If they say life's hard_

Then death's easy

Cause when you're a Spartan

It damn sure gives a lotta options

Try an assault rifle

Or a needle to the brain

Maybe end up like me

With a sword in ya chest

And quite frankly

It's easier to kill than be killed

I really cant explain that awful feeling

Of having blood and guts rushing out

Many have come and gone that way

Cross over the line and never to return

But that's the price we pay to be living on the other side."

Now that was just depressing, Six thought in her head. She didn't consider how she would die other than going down fighting but how the ghosts in front of her were singing—it definitely wasn't a pleasant experience. When the hell was they gonna be done with this 'pick me up'?

"_You know I~~~~'ll be waiting on the other side_

And you," the men pointed towards the lady, "_don't wanna end up sniped_

No one's leaving alive

Except the damn sniper

You know I~~~~'ll

_I__'ll be waiting on the other, waiting on the other side_."

Emile bayed to the imaginary moon once more before giving a 'you-know-you-like-this' smug smirk towards the female. And quite honestly the poor lieutenant didn't know if she was disturbed orâ€|aroused. Immediately shaking the thoughts out her head, she reminded herself that her team was dead.

"_It's better if you don't get stuck_

It's better if you don't get stuck" Emile warned while both of his comrades did the 'oohs' and 'aahs', "_It's better if you don't get stuck_

It's better if you don't get stuck

It's better if you don't get stuck

It's better if you don't get stuck"

After the song was done, there was silence. The woman just sat there, utterly silent until her closest friend on the squad prodded her, "Six? You alright?"

"â€|" she blinked, "â€|I think I'm scarred for the short time I have left of life."

"You and me both, Six," came a voice thick with a Russian accent. From thin air appeared the second-in-command. Unlike her teammates, she was in her suit, "What were you all thinking? Did you have sugar or something?"

The specters pondered, "Sugar, Jack Daniel's, chicken drowned in BBQ sauce, uhâ€|cake, and chocolate. Lots and lots of chocolate and vodka." Both of the ladies hung their heads in disappointment. She told her departed comrade, "I feel sorry for you."

"Don't," Kat told her. "Cause we shall be dealing with them together someday."

"Don't you mean tomorrow?" Emile quipped, earning an elbow in his side. Unfortunately he was right. Six did die the next day. But she didn't die by getting stuck like her team had warned her multiple times but she did end up like Emile. She was stabbed not once, not twice, but five times before she joined them in the after life and promptly after arriving, she stuck each and every one of the guys of the Noble Team.

_**~~~~~AllHailEccentricness~AllHailEccentricness~AllHailEccentricness
~AllHailEccentricness~~~~**_

Like I said. Some random crap I made while having nothing to do at like 4 in the morning. I made up the new lyrics but it still goes with the song called "The Other Side" by Bruno Mars featuring Cee-lo Green and B.o.B

End

file.